Mrs Hunt begs her tenderest remembrances. She has been suffering of late under some of the old rheumatism but nothing like what it used to be. We quit our present home in March, and are Kensington - Jan 11th 1853
looking for another as near to family connexions as possible; but it is very hard to find.

Rec'd Daphne Mobile Ala
Feby 16th 1853

Ever dear Nanny,

The same post which brings you this, takes letters to Mrs Swift and Miss Lorrain. Be kind enough to me never to make a construction, unfavourable to yourself, of any delay or silence on my part, - the involuntary effects of ill health and of many other personal

troubles. I never entertain of you any but the kindest thoughts. How could I, of so much gentleness and goodness? But I have suffered so much, especially of late, that what with biliousness in my blood, and sorrow at my heart, I often seem as if I had nothing to do but to lie down, and sleep myself, if I could, away. This however must not be. My Duties, my cherished principles and religion, every thing, forbid it; and I now again experience the

good of all the adversity I have borne, in the patience which it gives me, and the power to rally my endeavours. — But enough of myself. The border of this letter will tell you the rest, — which I still dare only allude to. —

Fill your next letter (if you have time) full of yourself, and your boy, and your husband; and describe to me the locality in which you live; for then I seem best to be with the describer. Newspapers, I suppose tell you how things go on in this quarter of the world, publicly; and your sisters, of the private — more interesting to you and yours. We have

had such floods in England, as to drown a vast amount of property, and even of lives, in all low parts of the island; and the rains which saturated the year 1852, are still pouring away. The country however is on a more prosperous state altogether than it has ever been, and free trade in corn will be more than ever prized. — A great National Gallery for pictures, including shortly a general museum, and even the curiosities out of the Tower, is about to be built in Kensington, at the back of Gore House; i.e. between K. and Brompton; and it is to have, they say, a noble garden, in which a portion of the sculpture will be put. When will you come & see it. But I hear Mr Gibson thinks of taking you to Egypt. How often I wish all whom I love were in Egypt, breathing its pure air for a while, — but not without myself, — as such a wish, I believe, is generally supposed simply. I speak it in all sober sadness; and if you go, shall wish it more than ever. I must not omit to tell you, in gratitude, that the copy you were so kind as to make me of a picture by Paolo Veronese, was a solace to me to the last. It hung in my bed-room, and I often spoke of it, and felt thankful for